

cigarette kisses by HargroveHorror

Series: [Billy Hargrove Imagines \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Reader

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Summary:

When sneaking out and hot nights get a little too personal, you may find intimacy and sleepy sensations. An original Billy Hargrove x reader, fuzzy imagine; a work for comfort. Dear, Billy H.

cigarette kisses

The night had been hot, humid, and sweat-inducing, just like any Hawkins summer night. The last day of school had only been two weeks ago but you could already feel yourself escape the shit town, to college, or possibly life on the road; it all lied ahead. your drifted thoughts swam as you dozed off before feeling rhythmic breathing on your cheek. It had been Billy's chest, as you began to dip into consciousness things finally became aparent. It certainly was a summer night but the wind hit more personally as you felt the height of your body; now that you were focusing back in, you were on your roof. You had been lying against Billy and he'd been tolerant to allow it, you weren't a hassle but still; he wasn't the touchy type unless pleasure was involved.

"It's barely 11, wake up" Billy's voice was groggily as he brushed his large hand along your cheek roughly.

you lifted your head off of him adjusted your body's posture and balance "I'm up, I'm up" you spoke softly not to wake the neighbors, you'd barely dozed off for a moment and he'd already begun barking orders.

Billy released a nasty sigh, a huff almost. He took his cigarette pack out of the pocket of his leather jacket and placed one into his mouth, he took another and held it between his fingers; gesturing it towards you. You weren't one for smoking, to be fair it burned your throat and left a foul taste in your mouth; you shook your head.

Billy leaned against the window glancing away from you with visible irritation, his lips plump and sulked from boredom, not within you but. He always had a look of hunger for something he couldn't eat. As billy fixed his posture to a slouch he lit his cigarette and squinted his eyes; "why not" he spoke rudely.

"I'm not in the mood for one, cigarettes burn my throat and taste bad." You retorted, keeping the same soft voice billy refused to grant upon the neighbors.

"tastes bad, huh, you sure like the taste of it in my mouth, or is that something about me you just put up with," he spoke with empty shock as if to act amused but he never really was.

"what- no your mouth is fine, I just don't like cigarettes Billy, that's all" you responding almost stepping on eggshells.

Billy always took things personally, your words he'd take personally,

the D he got in history, His belt that his dad beat him with; even the town personally offended him, or the dead cat beneath the dying tree behind his house, he takes it personally.

Billy flicked his cigarette off the roof and it sizzled on the ground, he turned to you his body overshadowing yours for a split moment. He threw his leather jacket off, nothing on his skin but a tank top and jeans; he had stopped talking which always meant action with him. He slid from the roof and back into your room through the window, you turned your head to him and before your body could follow he already dragged you in behind him. he lifted your body tossing you onto the bed, everything moved so fast you almost got whiplash; before you could speak you felt his weight jump onto the bed alongside you.

"Billy slows down for-" You gave a wince feeling his shadow overcome you and his burnt lips smack into yours lustfully.

As much as you hated giving into lustful tendencies you let him devour your unharmed lips and insert his fouled spoken tongue into your mouth. He had pressed his weight onto you but in his grasp you always found room to breathe. His harsh and consuming presence turned sweet once he wrapped your body in his large arms.

You went along with him, like a fish in moving waves; you trusted the ruckus and always found a safe haven. It was Billy and you trusted his grasp. He had wrapped you into his grip and lied his head onto yours, he released a huff before, turning you onto his body. He gave a smirk, and you knew he smirked cause you could hear it in his cocky voice.

"now that didn't taste bad, did it? you seemed to like it. Or was that you pretending for my feelings" And with that, he proved his point. You shook your head "no it doesn't.... I never said that anyways" you spoke bitterly with a soft submissive voice as you sunk deeper into his chest. You tightened a fist hoping he wouldn't let you go after admitting he was 'right', he didn't let you go. His grip got tighter as if you were a new teddy bear to a child, he petted his rough hands through your hair which tingled through your body in nerving but sleepy sensations. You weren't good at estimating time but he had been cradling you for a good while, and just like earlier that night; you felt yourself dipping into the river of sleep. Only this time you hoped he wouldn't rip you out of it, but those worries halted when you heard his low and beastly snoring. It was quick, it was bliss, and with that you let yourself go as the sleepy river rode you off into

dreams.